Wolf At The Door

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Wolf At The Door

by Jana_Valker

Summary

There's a door Satsuki nor Ryuuko dare to cross. Because that door is guarded by a big bad wolf, who never sleeps, who never tires.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Wolf At The Door

Cave lupum.

This door can never be opened. Nothing more than a wooden door, with a copper doorknob, simple, elegant in its shape, and yet a gaping eye that gave on to an abyss. Satsuki felt the presence of that eye every night as she approached her lonely bed. There door watched her putting on her nightgown, watched her as she covered her body with blankets, and she listened to the booming heart in her ears. Always the door watched her, listened to her. Is it felt that she wanted to come up to it, and open it, and see what was behind, maybe even dare to cross the boundless void that crept behind the thin wood, then she heard the wolf. Its breath behind the door, its pawed steps, its long growl, that kept her from even watching the door, as it watched Satsuki back, until she lost her grasp on the lifeline of sleep, and she slumbered down between the tides of weary dreams.

This door can never be opened. For Ryuuko, who did many impossible things, and who dared to cross line after line, this is the event horizon of her bravery. There's a wolf behind the door. She could hear it as it waited for her to just open the door, only to be devoured. Ryuuko didn't get much sleep in that room, not with the constant thought of just a few inches of wood keeping her away from the wolf. She tried to imagine the wolf, and every time she figured out a new detail. The way its huge eyes would glow in the dark behind the door, two pale lanterns only bright enough to hin at its snarl, open over a row of black teeth. Hunger. Hunger, she could feel behind the door, a hunger that kept her away from sleep.

Each night, as Satsuki retired into her room for the night, like a sea creature inside her shell, so bright and colorful on the outside, so dark on the inside, she felt the door's gaze upon her shoulder. It reminded her of crocodiles she saw once at the zoo: they were motionless, so still that their scales could pass for stone, and the eye for a gem. She watched them for hours, knowing they were still alive, ready to strike, and it was just a trick of patience and timing. Yet, how tempting it was to just take one step forward, just to take a better look? Surely they weren't going to bite her at that distance? Surely she could try to listen at the door. See if the wolf was already there, if, by some miracle, it had fallen asleep, and Satsuki could, stepping over its vile form, take a look behind the door. But each time she tried to look at the door, even from behind her back, she heard the wolf's snarl, covering the walls with shivers. Then she would take refuge on the bed and move no more.

Each night Ryuuko wondered with herself why didn't she just open the door and kick the motherfucker half way to next week. She was strong, she was surely stronger than an old stupid wolf. So she faced the door, for a moment, maybe even started to take a step towards it, but then the lights went dim, and from under the door came warning sounds, a long, breathed out growl, that scratched Ryuuko's ears and made all the consequences of opening the door as clear as if they had been stamped in the back of her eyes. Thus Ryuuko would always stop, and came back to the bed, hugging her legs, watching the door. Wondering about the wolf.

It took time for Satsuki to face the door. She learned a trick. If she damped her core with her fingers, thinking beyond the wolf, thinking of what the wolf was keeping from her, she managed to take a look at the door. Not many. Not for long. She would be forced to turn her back and continue to stoke her body's desire by looking at something else. She would often then close her eyes, and whisper a word or two. Hoping, with each stroke of her fingers, to muster up the courage to beat the wolf.

After a few failed attempts, Ryuuko steeled her resolve, like somebody would have said, and she mustered the courage to stand in front of the door, crossed arms, glaring at it. She mouthed a few words at the wolf. She said it couldn't keep her inside for long. She would find a way to open the door. It never lasted more than a few moments, because Ryuuko then came back to bed, but she still watched the door, and she understood that, by taking it as a challenge, she could push herself to push the door.

Satsuki watched the door. She heard the wold behind it, she heard its breaths and it passed its thick tongue all over its teeth, ready to pounce and eat her if only she took a step towards the door. So Satsuki didn't take a step. But she stared at the door for long minutes now, even if the growls rolled on her skin like a memory of teeth. She took the habit to take her pillows and sleep by her bed's feet, facing the door. It would become the first and last thing she would see each day.

Ryuuko had started touching the door as of late. It came with the roaring sound of the wolf behind, that from the wood run through her arm towards her head, and she trembled from her feet to her red streak. But the same red streak wouldn't let her withdraw her hand. The wolf scraped and growled at the door, and Ryuuko felt its talons and dreaded its fangs, but she could stand behind the door. She could stand behind the door.

It came to her in a flash. Satsuki was standing before the door when she remembered an old fairy tale, or more like a long series of fairy tales, where the girl was imprisoned in the tower,

and there was a dragon guarding her. Beyond the social considerations on the role of patriarchal power in the use of sexual availability of young maidens, something else sprouted into Satsuki's mind. For the situation was fairly similar to her own predicament. With the one difference that the wolf snarled and growled at her, and not at her saviour, outside the tower. This could only mean one thing. Satsuki walked towards the door and found herself brushing her fingers over the cold doorknob.

Ryuuko took a long breath, and might it be the fact she spent three hours staring at that damn door, but she touched with her fingers the dusty doorknob, which hadn't seen a hand turning it ever since it was put there, to close down the door that gave on to the unknown, and

she put her ear to the door to hear the wolf's growls

and she found out it had grown silent

and even though she feared it was all a ruse,

she found her hand turning the doorknob.

And she opened the door.

There was no wolf behind it. There was only a short hallway, unlit if not by the light coming from another open door, and from the light that filtered behind the figure standing in front of her, at the other end of the hallway. They stood like that for a while, basking in the perfect embarrassment of having opened the door at the same time.
For the same reasons.

"Couldn't sleep?" Asked at last Satsuki.

"Like you would."

"Get your blanket," Satsuki said, and Ryuuko, for once in her life, complied without a word. She was too distracted by the huge grin on her face. She even had to stop for a moment to take a breath and make sure this wasn't a dream, but, no, the door was open, and she saw Satsuki putting two pillows under her arms, and turning towards her with a smile and glint in her eyes. Satsuki put the two pillows on the hallway's floor, and then she lay down. Ryuuko did the same on her left and covered the both of them with her blanket.

They turned towards each other, and smiled in the dim light; Satsuki's eyes were like stars, and her arms were strong and so soft, and her lips tasted of the promise of the world when Ryuuko met them. They hugged under the blanket, and after a while, with their hands entwined, they fell asleep.

Around them, the door stood open, and there was not a sound but their breath.

End Notes

Not much to say about this. I thought the situation was cute, and I wrote it in a flash. If you had fun, please let me know with a comment.

See you next time.

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